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Auntie Wright.

A STORY OF THE SLAVE DAYS.

By MINNIE KENNEDY, War Cry Correspondent.

INTRODUCTION.

HAVING climbed the hill leading North-West from the town of Ingersoll, we alighted before the very unpretentious cabin of "Auntie" Wright. Resting our wheel against the solitary apple tree, we rapped on the weather-beaten door.

"Come in, child," in well-known tones was the reply. So pulling the outrageous latch-string we entered. Once inside, and the door opening to the street closed, one might easily imagine themselves far away in one of the plantation cabins of "Auntie's" native land—Virginia.

Here on the outskirts of the town lives Auntie with her little family, consisting of a little grand-son, Charlie, a very large and very sleek Maltese little, a dog who seems to

live with his mistress in point of complexion.

And lastly, as if in contrast to his surroundings, a little white cat, confined in a tiny pen out in the back yard.

All Auntie's family seem to be on amiable terms with themselves and the world in general; indeed, there is no just cause why they should not be.

Ours was rather a disjointed interview. It was difficult for Auntie to settle down at all when paper and pencil were produced. Our "subject's" eyes rolled rather rebelliously in our direction.

"You want to take my life, do you?" she enquired. "Oh, no, Auntie, not for the world," we assured her, our intentions were quite innocent. So after things were "tended" to, and we had formed a procession to see Auntie's little "grunter," armed with a pair of some mysterious mixture, to enable him into good natured silence, we pressed our worthy cause, setting aside all the objections that Auntie put forth. "Want worth having her name toted down to de Cry," etc., and drew aside the curtains of distance and time to secure a glimpse into Auntie's life-story in the days of long ago.

CHAPTER I. A GLIMPSE INTO SLAVERY—A CHILD VICTIM.

Mr. Ezekiel Chambers, better remembered perhaps as "Judge" Chambers, having filled that capacity for many years, was one of the many who in the earlier days of American history deemed it their lawful right to have and hold, buy and sell, to the best possible advantage to themselves, the

Unfortunate Victims of the Slave System.

And not least in value among the Judge's possessions were a large number of slaves, principally of African origin, varying in all shades of color from the ebony black to the quad-

rooms, with scarcely enough color to prove their original nationality. Many of these "hands" were employed on the home farm in Virginia, others were further South on a large cotton plantation, also the property of "Mas'r" Chambers, as he was known among his people. Others of his slaves not required at home were hired out by the year to neighboring landowners, while

Their Hardly-Earned Wages

belonged always to their "Mas'r." On Mas'r Chambers' farm were many little cabins, occupied chiefly by the older and married folk, while a large

quarters supplied the majority of the slaves with the necessities of existence. The Judge was more considerate to his blacks than was often the case, and his rule was chiefly discipline of a mild form.

In one of these little cabins lived George Washington Scott, his wife, and a very tiny piece of humanity, who had in course of time come to the grace their humble home. Harriet Ann Virginia Scott was the astonishing name attached to

The Little Dark-Skinned Daughter,

now the theme of a Cry Correspondent. Hattie was, in these early days, the undisputed "Queen of the Castle," as she was "toted round" by Mammy Scott, who was cook for the hands at the quarters. Home joys, however, were abruptly brought to a close by the death of Harriet's father and second marriage of her mother at a later period to a man employed in the vicinity, and who was now freed by Christian owners. His former mistress assisted him in the purchase of his bride, whose value was placed at the reasonable figure of two hundred dollars. Efforts were also made to secure little Hattie's freedom but in vain. Her owners probably saw too great value

attached to the little slave girl's future service to her with her. It was with a sore heart and many bitter tears on both sides, that the project was abandoned.

The Little "Black" was Left to the Mercy of the Mas'r.

Owing to this. The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel—this Hattie was to prove to her heart's sorrow. For some time the "little" one was quite a favorite in the "big house," and indulged to a great extent by the young ladies, but the time of sorrow was surely to come.

One day Hattie was employed in the poultry yard, and in some way unwittingly angered the overseer. Without measuring her size or strength, he dealt heavy blows on the little defenceless form, with the heavy cattle-whip he held in his hand. Only when Hattie was writhing on the ground, with blood streaming from the open gashes in her tender flesh, did he desist, leaving the little innocent victim of his brutal rage

Bleeding, for Aught he Knew—or Cared—to Death.

For once, however, cruelty had over-



"Dealt heavy blows upon the little, defenceless form."



With these packed in a hand-box she hurried off to the scene of festivities.

stepped its borders, for Mas'r Chambers, on discovering the little, bleeding girl, had promptly dismissed the inhuman brute from his service, and summoning assistance, conveyed Hattie to the house, and had the wounds carefully attended to.

The marks of that day's work have never been entirely effaced, for to her grave Auntie will carry the scars, ever a reminder of the cruel blows of her slavery days.

CHAPTER II.

"BOUND OUT"—A NEGRO "BALL"—REBELLION—BATTLE OF THE BALL.

When about ten years of age Hattie was "bound" to a constable, to assist in the care of children. Here she was well provided for, and the years passed uneventfully.

It was customary for all Mas'r Chambers' hands to return home to spend the Christmas week—this was their vacation and looked on as

The Spine of Life

by all the poor slaves. During the week a great supper was given in the long kitchen, to be followed by a high old ball in the negro quarters. Hattie's week of vacation she was allowed to spend with her mother, who was still living near by.

After vacation she was sent off again, this time hired to a hard-hearted sinner to work in the fields.

One day, soon after her arrival, being sent with others to cut some stalks of corn that had remained out in the field, she had heard that they were compelled to remain in the field, to eat food of a very inferior odor, which was carried out to them. This sort of treatment was not to the liking of the new-comer, who had all her life been used to better fare, so she straightway rebelled.

Judging the noon hour by the position of the sun, Hattie's squire was promptly laid aside, and she prepared to leave the field.

"What's yer gwine ter do, sis?" enquired one of her fellow-workers. "Gwine to do house for my dinner," Hattie. And to the house she went in spite of various warnings that

"Shed Done Opted it dis Time Sure Now"

when Massa seed her."

"What have you come up here for, you —?" was Massa's greeting. "What would anyone come for when dey's hungry?" queried the girl. "You set back to work and wait for your dinner, you black African!"

"I won't do no sick thing till I've had my dinner," Hattie's words followed, but ended in an order to the cook to give her some dinner. A plate containing some very coarse food was set before Hattie, who looked at it with a contemptuous sniff, but touched it not.

"What's dis here black stuff?" she asked the cook.

"Dat's eat fish—it's been salted," replied the girl.

"I don't gwine fer dat dat trash." In came the boss, ordering Hattie off to work; oaths and threats failed to move her till given food more suitable to her taste. The devil was let loose in the slave girl, who, in her rage at being "put out," as she says,

"Swore and Tore till all was Blue."

Anyhow, the man was glad to leave that "black piece" alone to her dinner and reflections.

"We had our good times, an' we had our bad times—but mos' all de good times we had to steal!"

Sometimes, however, we "uns would hev a party"—at night, when they would meet "hands" from adjoining places. Hattie's wardrobe was of a very limited nature, but her ingenuity and elastic conscience was equal to the occasion. On more than one occasion when she was "a-gwine out" and desired a change of costume for these rare occasions of stolen festivity, she would skip off across the fields to Mas'r Chambers' and secure by stealth such articles of wearing apparel as she thought

Best Suited Her Peculiar Style of Beauty.

With these packed in a hand-box she hurried off to the scene of festivities to be envied and admired as the "belle of the ball." The horrified frenzy would be safely returned, before the young ladies of more rightful ownership had finished their morning dreams.

(To be Continued.)

GOD'S PLANS DEMAND IMPLICIT OBEDIENCE.

How I Became Sanctified.

DESIGN—S. B. OTTAWAY.

"Are you sanctified, dear?" the Captain enquired.

"Yes, Captain, I think I am, in a measure, at least."

"In a measure," reiterated the Captain. "Well," I replied, "I am as much sanctified as anybody. I do the very best I can. That's all anybody does. I used to think some people had a higher experience than I had, which they called holiness, and I tried to attain to it, but I confess I've been disappointed, and I've come to the conclusion that all we can do is our best, and some do better than others, and as a consequence are better sanctified."

The Captain looked at me quietly and steadily for a moment, and then asked: "What was your idea of sanctification?"

"Well," I replied, "it meant to my mind to be filled with all the fulness of God, to be baptized with the Holy Ghost."

"Yes," the Captain assented. "And," I went on, "to be successful in getting sinners saved."

"Yes," she still assented, apparently it was not too high for her. "Have you got that experience?" I ventured to ask.

"Yes, dear, and you may have it too." "Oh, no," I replied, "I can't, for I've tried and tried. You don't know how hard I've tried, Captain."

"But," said Captain, "there is a wide difference between trying to be sanctified, and being sanctified. When the work is done, it is a matter of resting in God, and He controls you and works out His will in and through you. Now, will you

Pray at Least Fifteen Minutes Every Day for the Blessing of a Clean Heart?"

"Yes, Captain, I will," I promised. And so I did every morning and evening, as well as fifteen minutes through the day, for three months. Prayed unbelievably at first, then lovingly, then earnestly, and anxiously. Prayed at last all-day long, and prayed and cried in my sleep at night, till the family awoke and once went to the window thinking some lost child was crying on the street. I was convicted and miserable, and no use at all in the prayer meetings, for I could only pray for myself and then it was, "Lord, give me a clean heart!" I went to the penitent form twice, but it seemed of no avail. The Captain came to me as I knelt there the last time.

"What do you think is the hindrance?" she asked.

"I don't know, Captain, but I think it is only get above, as the Apostles did, in an upper room, and fight it out with God, I believe it is my only hope."

So, accordingly, it was arranged I should go to the quarters next day and stay till I received it. Literally I went to the upper room, the door closed upon me and I was left alone to "struggle and wrestle with" the blessing that should set me free.

I heard the clock down stairs strike 3 p.m. as I entered the room. I prayed, a knock struck, and I prayed on. 5 o'clock—I was weeping now. "Oh, my God, let the light come," I groaned. 6 o'clock—now the devil came and whispered his cruel lies in my ear. "There is no such thing as holiness for you. People only imagine it." "But," I reasoned, "God promises it in His Word, and if He does not fulfill it, then He is not God. I can't believe in Him any more!" On what if I should be disappointed and become skeptical? I, who never had doubted the grand, glorious truths of the Bible—had been cradled in them—the bare thought killed me with horror, and I cried out the more,

"Lord Come and Sanctify Even Me!"

The Captain entered. "Are you cold, dear?"

"No," I replied, although there was no heat in the room and it was February.

"Will you come down and have some tea?"

"No," I replied.

"Are you going to meeting to-night?"

"No," once again. "I'll stay all night just here, but I'll find out if there is such an experience for me or not. Now Captain, you pray for me."

Very earnestly, and in faith she prayed: "Lord, Thou hast said, 'If a son shall ask of his father bread, would he give him a stone, and if he would ask a fish, would he give him a serpent? If, then, ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more will your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit

to them that ask Him.' Give Thy Holy Spirit unto this Thy child."

And she was gone again. Over and over I repeated, "HOW MUCH MORE WILL YOUR HEAVENLY FATHER GIVE THE HOLY SPIRIT TO THEM THAT ASK HIM?"

The feeling stole into my soul that He not only said it, but would do it now. Ah! it was done. A wonderfully strong, sweet peace was in my heart.

But then, Jesus had said it, it must be so. Yes, I felt it thrilling me through and through.

"Oh, but," something seemed to say, "you imagined it. If you rose to a kneeling position and shook yourself, the feeling would pass off."

I tried it. But I felt the glorious work was done. I ventured to walk to the window. How quiet and peaceful everything looked. I walked back again to where I had knelt and still the beautiful sensation was mine.

The Captain was coming up the stair. With rather a guilty feeling I got on my knees again and prayed, "Oh, Lord, sanctify me," and then the foolishness of asking for what had been done, occurred to me, and I looked up and laughed—a loud hearty laugh.

Captain laughed too. "I believe you've got it," she said. "I think I have," I faltered.

"No, I believe I have got it," I said. "Now you'll come to tea, it's after seven o'clock."

"Oh," I said, "I'm afraid if I leave the influence of this room, I'll lose the feeling. But if I do I'll come back again."

And so I went, and I've come and gone very many times since then, and I've found the baptism of the Holy Spirit is not merely a fluctuating feeling of the senses, but indeed an abiding Presence. Hallelujah!

DIAMOND DUST.

When Christ told Peter, "Feed my lambs," he did not intend him to water the milk.

If you have a quick temper, keep it, but if you lose it, lose it where nobody will find it.

If you expect to be saved for believing, it is clear that you have not yet been saved by believing.

One great difference between the teaching of Christ and that of all other teachers is that they spoke to the times, while He spoke of all times.

WHERE IS YOUR CARRIAGE?

The other day, while a noted socialist lecturer of very extreme opinions was addressing a crowd of laboring men, a number of private carriages passed. Pointing to the carriages, the lecturer called out sarcastically: "Ay, working men, look there! Where are your carriages?"

And a steady looking individual, with a rubicund face and ragged clothes, replied with commendable candour: "The brewer's driving my carriage."

Fathers and mothers, are you willing to let your children go for God's glory and the salvation of souls? How often, when my eyes fall upon some noble lad, some charming girl, who might be made a blessing to thousands, and I ask the question, "Who is that?" does the answer come back, "Oh, a true-blooded soldier, but his or her father or mother is not willing to let him or her go—so we must wait."

That is, God must wait—poor sinners must wait, must perish, till the time of parental control is ended, till parents have lost the glorious opportunity to do their share in making the surrender.

What is following Christ? It isn't difficult to discover. Here, anyway, a child can be on a level with the most termed Divine. It simply means keeping His words and copying His example. It is to the latter that I want especially to refer you. Following means imitating. The Children of Israel followed the pillar of Cloud—that is, they moved after it. They went in the same direction in which it went. They stopped when it stopped.

Thus
Saith
the
Lord

REMEMBER, You have sinned and the glory of God. "ALL we like shee, be we have sinned every way."—Isaiah liii. 6. "If we say that we have made him a liar, a not in us."—1 John i.

REMEMBER, God is love. "God so loved the world His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life."—John iii. 16. "God commendeth His love in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."—Rom. v. 8.

REMEMBER, You have been born again. "This is a faithful saying, and of all acceptation; that came into the world was born again."—1 Tim. i. 10. "He was wounded by stripes, He was bruised by blows."—Isaiah liii. 5. "He is also able to overmost that of Him."—Heb. vii. 2.

REMEMBER, He will be with you. "Behold, I stand at the door, and I will come in."—Rev. iii. 20. "If any man will shall save his soul: he that is of God."—John vi. 27. "Come unto Me, ALL ye heavy laden, and YOU REST."—Matt. xi. 28.

REMEMBER, You are saved. "By grace are ye saved and that not of your own; it is the gift of God."—Eph. ii. 8. "Thou shalt call Him He SHALL save their sins."—Matt. ix. 13. "Him that cometh to will cast out."—John vi. 37.

REMEMBER, Now you are free. "If we confess our sins and just to forgive to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—1 John i. 9. "Believe on the Lord, thou shalt be saved."—Rom. x. 9. "The blood of Jesus cleanseth us from all unrighteousness."—1 John i. 7.

REMEMBER, When you are saved, now is the time to be saved. "Behold, now is the time to be saved."—2 Cor. vi. 2. "Ye shall seek Me, and ye shall find Me, and ye shall be saved."—Jer. xix. 23. "He that believeth on the Son of God, shall not come into condemnation, but he that do not believe in the Son of God, shall be condemned."—1 John iii. 18.

REMEMBER, If You are saved, you are saved. "Turn ye from your iniquity, and ye shall be saved."—Ezek. i. 18. "Except ye repent, ye shall perish."—Matt. x. 6. "How shall we escape?"—Rom. ix. 1.

The feeling that man has received Christ is not the feeling that man has received Christ. "The feeling that man has received Christ is not the feeling that man has received Christ."—1 John i. 10. "The feeling that man has received Christ is not the feeling that man has received Christ."—1 John i. 10.

I DO ACCEPT CHRIST

Name

Date

Booth.

MARRIAGE.
At Lippincott St. Barracks, January 18th, by Major Gaskin, Capt. William Jones, of the Industrial Farm, to Lieut. Eunice J. Roach late of the Toronto Training Garrison.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.

**THE FIELD COMMISSIONER'S ILL
HEALTH**

THIS most remarkable circumstance took place at this auspicious time in the illness of the Field Commissioner, Mr. H. Booth, who has been suddenly stricken down by the attack of a fever with all the signs of the nerves or the brain, and has been suffering excruciating pain. All that could be done by prayer, and the use of medicine, and the aid of nursing, has been most freely given from those near the Commissioner, but up to the time of writing, was unavailing. He is now absolutely prevented by his illness from leaving his home to meet the General. This disappointment has caused her to doubt whether she will ever see him again. The General's heart has ached at the thought of his precious soldier-child being hindered from seeing him through the portals of the Kingdom of Heaven, and to restore her, and God sustain the General's heart. You who love them will pray for them. We hope, nay, we believe

REPORTS of this issue reaches our ears, we have the thunder-blast of the General's message will have been heard in convicting and sanctifying power to the masses of the people down East. There has been great talk of the "strong arm" of the Government, and lightning flashed from a midnight sky, making bright, as midday the darkest night, but with the dawn of the new day, we will kill, only to make alive, and we have the unweaving faith that thus it will be. We invite all praying people to unite in intercession on this subject, and to pray for the Government more for this country than any kind of legislation, and now that the honored leader of the tremendous and world-conquering American Army is amongst us, with half-a-century's passion for soul-saving, burning at white heat, it is nothing less than a miracle that we are able to stand up to lift up the great veteran's hands and plead to full assurance of victory for the beginning of such a nation-shaking revival of religion. Let us, then, O God, and spread backbone righteousness throughout the land. There are still in the affairs of nations as well as of men, and what is the use of the "strong arm" of the Government, which, if taken at the flood will lead us on not only to fortune, but to that universal righteousness which is the goal of all.

[illegible]

Mr Walter Besant's article on "The Farm and the City" appeared in the Contemporary Review for last December, but it is now obtainable in booklet form from our Trade Headquarters. We understand that "The Farm and the City," is to be gratuitously distributed in meetings of the General's present Campaign. All who can possibly do so should make it a point to secure a copy—the work is something more than thoughtful praise from a gifted pen containing as it does a mass of valuable and up-to-date information relative to our work in dealing with the people's social needs.

EASTERN and other comrades will be glad to know that Major Pugmire is in much better health, also that his family, who were down with tonsillitis, and had to be nursed and cared for night and day, are again all right. The Major, who has been a blessing everywhere he has gone, had the sympathy of all who know him in these trying hours.

THE figures supplied in another column in reference to the Grace-Brewer-Moat are of a most encouraging character to the G. R. M. Secretary, Mrs. Staff-Captain Smeaton, and all concerned. They are the highest for any December quarter to date, and are a good indication of the increase in interest and enthusiasm which has been thrown into the effort since the appointment of Mrs. Smeaton.

THE NORTH-WEST is never behind, but is distinctly on time every time. The recent Self-Defence light is another illustration of the fact. The Province, which comprises North Dakota, Manitoba, North-Western Ontario, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Assiniboia, has raised \$2000 above the previous year's total, which Brigadier Bennett, the very energetic and up-to-date Provincial Officer, describes as 'a clear victory'. He is correct, and we congratulate him and every North-Westerner.

THE preparations for the Self-Denial Campaign in the East—which were postponed on account of the Windows, N. S. are now well in hand throughout the Province. The Self-Denial material has been distributed to the various destinations, the targets are fixed, and all is ready for a tremendous plunge into the fight. We know the East—it has a magnificent record. From the Provincial Officers to the last recruit we believe it to be heart-whole and enthusiastic for the sacred war, and we participate without a tremor of doubt, a single moment's misgiving.

His invitation extended to the Army's representative to take charge over a month of the girls' Sunday School at the Mercer Reformatory of Toronto, is another pleasing evidence of the belief that our Army work is winning its official credit. Although much to be done there is still room for a great extension of our work in similar institutions elsewhere, and we confidently look forward to the growing work of the Army's work securing the freedom of many more girls than are now

STUDENT CLASS of the Men's Institute of the South Branch, West Virginia, sends a message from the pages of recent newspaper clippings, all of which speak in the highest terms of the work being done in the Social Reform Branch there. The Assistant says the following response are not exaggerated. "The work is noble, the cause is noble, the cause—WILL SAVE! Blessed be He, if they did not have to go to other places, so many of them what a mighty testimony—living testimony they would be to this day. From all reports to me, the work is being done very well, and is securing both the temporal and spiritual welfare of the men, and therefore are teaching that God which all

THEir factory, some composing the special songs sheet printed for use in the meetings of the General's tour have been carefully selected and glanced down their varied sentiments of loving devotion to the Fatherland, and the conviction that they are well chosen. The songs are chiefly of that well-known character as well as ensure the congruence of the lyrics with the music, and for which they are intended, going with a will and a swing, while there are some newer verses which will also find ready acceptance with the same audience. Every one of the songs is simple and repeated all find voice. An appendix of twenty-eight selected choruses will be especially helpful to the officers and commandants of the units of the General's army, and will be a valuable addition to the song book.

Who does not wish to detract in the least from the concentration of faith and interest on behalf of the great gatherings our beloved General is conducting, but it will be well for us to remember that we must not even remember the approaching great conflict with sin and the devil, which will be fought from February 26th to May 18th, until we have secured the most successful effort of last year, this great Campaign: which is intended to put to the test the fighting qualities of every man in the ranks, will be called "The Signal Campaign." It is a campaign announced late on, but for a considerable length of time the Field Commissioner has devoted much thought to the details of the campaign, and the Field Commissioner did plan of campaign has been formulated, from the carrying out of which a tremendous all-round advance is anticipated.

His high tide of salvation power which we are assured will accompany him will follow him to the end. The General will be turned to the most positive account at St. John N.S. and Halifax, where special soul-saving will be his chief duration, and wherever it need be, his chief duration. ADR. Alkenhead is in command, has just witnessed a glorious recovery of soul-saving power, in which God, and the corps is so transformed that it looks like a new thing, this will be therefore just be right for a further effort of St. John N.S. and Halifax, success as a soul-winning General, the Cry for the past twelve months but witness to, may also be dependent on the utmost of every current of influence and going in the General's campaign.

HULL particulars of the Self-Denial fight in West Ontario appeared in the *London Standard* and will have made very interesting reading to those who have watched West Ontario's brave fights during the past few years. On the subject of West Ontario has done magnificently, and has been sent South to the humblest worsted engineer they merit a "Hurray!" from their country throughout the rest of the Territories. The Major said that he led the troops of West Ontario who had success for some years previous to his present appointment, considering that this was the only way equal to anything in the history of the world. It is a valuable evidence both of their loyalty to God and loyalty to the Flag. West Ontario's major clearly knows something about the subject, and is one of the famous bayonet Major Southey of New York.

THE newly-appointed National Commanders of that portion of the Territory formerly known as the Central Ontario Province are very much in evidence on their respective battlefields, and are creating a fresh spirit of enthusiasm and enterprise for the war already. They are neither of them new men to the fight. Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Hargrave have a record of years of service, and Staff-Captain and Mrs. Hamilton, twenty years. Staff-Capt. Hargrave's meetings at the Territorial Headquarters and elsewhere have all been of an inspiring and high-spirited character, and left the people in exultant

ers' Council and Tea conducted by the Southern Sectional Commanders gave the officers a gross \$46, and did much to increase the feeling of unity and appreciation for the cause.

Miss Crow and Mrs. Mingo, not saying out similar plans in an equity suit against the Government, were arrested at U. S. bridge, Barrie and Newmarket, and taken to the U. S. House. She stands high in the esteem of his officers. He recently received a letter from the U. S. House of Representatives which had sent into a state of health, as soon as the State Captain disclosed the facts of the case, and he was released from his own house, and put him under a course of medical treatment, which has already accomplished the very happiest results.

It is the duty of the Southern Sectional Commanders to continue to give the officers the old Central command and to appear at present indicate, we shall see, an extraordinary addition to the records of the remainder of the winter, and in the coming year.

DURING Consul Mrs. Booth. Tucker's recent visit to the Field Commissioner, the Staff of Territorial Headquarters took the opportunity to send her a kindly message, which they thought would cheer her heart and help the realization of the fact that they, although in a separate command, are a live part of the one and indivisible Salvation Army, and that the Field Commissioner has a true-hearted band of helpers here, who are devoted to those interests of the war, but whose love knows no national bounds. The following beautiful message has been received in

To the Officers of the Canadian Staff—
My dear comrades,—I much regret that I was unable to meet you all face to face during my recent visit to Toronto. The time, as you know, was very short, and there were so many matters of an important character, regarding which I was anxious to converse with the Field Commanders, that much as I would have appreciated a little talk with you at your Headquarters, we were unable to arrange it.

However, I look forward to an early return when I trust the present pressures of affairs will be somewhat lessened and when the opportunity of seeing you and talking with you will be mine.

In the meantime, be assured that I appreciate from my very heart, the kind expressions of sympathy and confidence together with the assurance of loyalty and fidelity to the principles of our Flag, contained in the beautiful and valued letter which you addressed to me during my visit. I am sure the dear Commander, when he returns from the West, will enter into its spirit and will appreciate it as fully as myself.

How comforting it is to know that
wreathing together or apart, as comrades
in one Army, and as brothers and sisters
of one love-linked family, we are united
in spirit for life and death. Truly did I realize this
when your beloved Commissioner was
speaking to me of the gallant and courage-
ous manner in which you have rallied
to his side and strengthened his hands
in the battle.

I congratulate you upon all the splendid
advantages you have made upon the
many dark struggles you have confronted,
and upon the glorious triumphs which
have crowned your enterprise which
abound upon every hand. Let us all
and all press on. The Cross shall not
lessen our love nor difficulties deter us
our work, but by the aid of the
of the Father, we will aim high, and
each day fall, and thus the victories
of Canada to-day—bright and glorious as
they are—shall be abundantly outdone
by infinitely greater triumphs in the future.

Do all you can for the Commissioner!
I know you will! My heart would fain
carry her every burden and exchange her
sorrow with his joy, and I know that
As soon as I may, I wish to see you,
and say to my own heart, let
us press on!

Your comrades affectionately in the
cause of the oppressed.

GOD DOES NOT GIVE ALL HIS DIS-
POSITIONS AT ONCE LEST WE

(Special.)

BOWMANVILLE received word from Staff-Capt. and Mrs. J. H. Graves for Saturday afternoon. The corps is not in as good a condition as might be desired, but enjoyed a very blessed set of exercises on this occasion. The corps was excellent, and the total finish was quadrupled the average of the previous year. \$5 was taken in the collection, a thing unheard of for years.

Hard Knocks for the Officers
are Being Saved.

Splendidly. The night
hard, altogether the op-
been of a somewhat more
violent character than we get
with our two girl officers
some hard usage from some
ary, even being knocked d
street, but we have many
best of all God is on our si
slavers have already been l
and set free from the thral
devil.

(Special.)

Re-opening of the barracks last night and Sunday. Brigade Provost Officer led the Blessed times. We ate always Brigadier. The officers soon be finished and are concerned. Nine souls were Sunday night. This makes in two weeks. Jesus is working. Monday night was sioning of local officers and A nice time was spent. We forward to the General's expecting a grand time. Young

(Special.)

STAFF-CAPT. and NICE, with Ensigns, of the War Cry Newmarket for the Sunday. Gloriously successful day. I sought salvation at the pews and the financial income for more than doubled. In the Ensign Kenning gave a share of some of his life-experiences and souls sought salvation at the Ensign went down with a work to do for the Editorials but the revival flame burned and the meetings were pronounced the usual time, that left for anything else but in

At the Toronto Refuge of the
former Prison for Women
(Special.)

The subject was the call of Andrew, and the girls, who from 12 to 18, paid close attention to the subject, and much profit and benefit from the opportunity offered to in this way influence and circle.

TURN FROM THE FA
FORGETFULNESS OF M
CONSTANCY AND FA

STAFF-CAPT. and MRS. HARGRAVE'S
BATTLE AT BOWMANVILLE

(Special.)
BOWMANVILLE, Ont., Jan. 10.—Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Hargrave for Saturday and Sunday last. The corps is not in as flourishing a condition as might be desired, but they are a very blessed set of meetings on this occasion. The congregations were excellent, and the total finances more than quadrupled the average week-end amount. It was taken in the afternoon, a thing unheard of for years.

SALVATION FIGHT AT SOMERSET,
BERMUDA, PROGRESSING.

(Special.)
SOMERSET, Bermuda, Jan. 10.—The progress is splendid. The fight is certainly hard, although the opposition has been of a somewhat more physically violent character than we generally meet with, but our two girls officers having had some hard usage from some of the militiamen, even being knocked down in the street, but we have many friends, and best of all God is on our side, and the sinners have already been led to Christ, and set free from the thralldom of the devil.

PETERBORO' CORPS' NEW HOME.

(Special.)
Re-opening of the barracks Saturday night and Sunday. Brigadier Sharp, of the Provincial Office, led the campaign, blessed times. We are always to see the Brigadier. The officers' quarters will soon be finished and are a credit to all concerned. Nine souls were saved on Sunday night. This makes eight souls in two weeks. Jesus is working in our midst. Monday night was the commissioning of local officers and handmen. A nice time was spent. We are looking forward to the General's visit and expecting a grand time. Yours in Jesus, Sergt. May Lang.

DAY OF BOUNDLESS SALVATION AT
NEWMARKET.

(Special.)
STAFF-CAPT. and MRS. MINNIE, with Ensign and Mrs. Keen, of the War Cry staff, visited Newmarket for the Sunday's meetings. Gloriously successful day. Eight persons sought salvation at the point of form, and the financial income for the day was more than doubled. In the afternoon Ensign Keenling gave a short sketch of some of his life experiences, and four souls sought salvation at the close. The Ensign went down to the editorial department, but the revival flame burnt so fiercely, and the meetings were prolonged so much past the usual time, that no time was left for anything else but immediate soul-saving.

INNOVATIONS CONTINUED ON THE
LINE OF PRISON WORK

(Special.)
At the Toronto Refuge of the Merciful Reform Prison for Women.

THE WOMEN'S SOCIAL SECRETARY
HAS BEEN INVITED TO CONDUCT

(Special.)
THE WOMEN'S SOCIAL SECRETARY has been invited to conduct a month's conduct the Protestant morning Sunday School service in the Refuge a reformatory for girls. The other Sundays are supplied by representatives from other Christian societies.

Mrs. Rend, accompanied by Adit. Pace, commenced the new duties on Sunday, the 16th inst. The call of Peter and Andrew, and the girls, whose ages range from 13 to 18, paid close attention and much profit and benefit is anticipated from the opportunity offered the Army in this way influence and bless a new circle.

God speed the prison work.

TURN FROM THE FAILURE AND
FORGETFULNESS OF MAN TO THE
CONSTANCY AND FAITHFULNESS
OF GOD

(Special.)
TURN FROM THE FAILURE AND FORGETFULNESS OF MAN TO THE CONSTANCY AND FAITHFULNESS OF GOD.

The Baptism of Fire.

Extracts from One of the General's Holiness Addresses.



are met this morning to get a baptism of fire to it us for the accomplishment of the great business before us. We have a great work to do; we have a powerful foe to overcome. This one has tried his hand at it, and that one and cord, the enemy is too strong for us; the work cannot be done. All are unanimous in saying the work is not only difficult, but impossible, and it is this impossible work we have to do.

But the things, my comrades, which are impossible with men are possible with God. It is as easy for a rich man to go to Heaven as a poor man, if he is willing to come down and consecrate his all to God.

The Hindrance Lie in His Not Being Willing to Lay His Baggage Aside.

Come down and walk in the footsteps of Christ, reality, lay all on the altar. Herein is the whole question of doing the impossible. THERE ARE DIFFERENT KINDS OF FIRES. THERE IS A FALSE FIRE. No one knows it better than we do, but we are not such fools as to refuse good bank notes because there are false ones in circulation; and although we see here and there manifestations of what appears to be the real thing, nothing more than the mere animal, fanatical, human, blazing forth of a mere earthly fire, we seek the less prize, and value, and seek for

The Genuine Fire

which comes from the altar of the Lord, and produces Divine effects in the souls where it burns, and which through them burns up the false, and the devilish, and the hellish around them.

THERE IS A DEVILISH FIRE. Of this we have ample evidence near and far. We see it in the homes of the people, in the public houses, in the mobs, that, but for the restraining hand of the Lord, would destroy us as they destroyed our Master. We see it in our meetings, in meetings in which we approach the nearest to the throne, to the very steps of the altar, mocking men, insidel men, men who, actuated by this fire, seek and turn into levity the most Divine and tender efforts that God and man can make for their salvation. Oh, it is this

Fire from Hell that is burning, burning Torment and Pleasure Day by Day.

In its hatred of all that is good and holy in the vain attempt to burn up and destroy the very traces of the Divine and holy out of the earth.

THERE IS AN INTELLECTUAL FIRE. The fire of genius, which has its beginning and its ending in the intellect of man, which manifests itself in written thoughts or burning words. But however lofty its aspirations and aims, it is nevertheless a mere human thing; human and nothing more.

THERE IS A SORT OF SENTIMENTAL FIRE. A morbid emotional sort of thing which feeds upon the real or imaginary, which can be aroused by the material sufferings, or by the material joys connected with religion, just as readily as by the stories of any other sufferings, or any other joys. I could work upon your hearts this morning, and make you feel unutterable things, by telling you the stories of the sufferings of poor humanity in Siberia, or elsewhere. You would probably feel, and weep, and perhaps shout also, and even be ready to do something as well, but yet the fire that aroused you would be a earthly thing, and just so, men may feel about the sufferings of Christ, about the pains of Hell, and about the joys of Heaven, and they would be little better than the sufferings of the human fire in it after all.

All this is very different from the DIVINE FIRE.

Now, THE BAPTISM OF FIRE GIVES ASSURANCE; MAKES PEOPLE SURE IN DIVINE THINGS. I take it that all of you feel settled and

certain as certain as men and women can be down here at your own personal salvation. You say, "I feel I'm saved; I feel I'm saved." Now, it is the Holy Ghost's testimony that gives this assurance. The memory of the time and place where God met and saved you is a good thing, but it is not sufficient for the certainty of to-day; it is good, though, and useful.

I remember a story that they told me in the North of England of one Christ-er, a rather remarkable miller of those days, who, in the early time of his experience, was very much plagued by the devil as to the reality of his conversion. To disconcert Satan, he bit at last upon the following device. He was a poor scholar, but he sought out somebody who could write, and made him describe on paper all the particulars of his conversion, the date, the place, the hour, what a devilish fellow he had been, how joyful God had made him, and what a wonderful change had been wrought in his life. When it was all written, he told it up, put it in his pocket, and the next time the devil came to try him on this point, he pulled out the paper, and spreading it forth, said,

"There, Devil, if Thou Canst Read Writing,

there's the whole account of it." After that Christ-er says he was troubled no more on the subject.

Now, I am supposing that every one of you carries about not on paper, but in your memory, in a never destroyable writing, the record of that transaction by which you passed from damn unto life, and very us, full that record doubtless in. Still, that alone is not sufficient, only the direct continuous testimony of the Holy Ghost can create the certainty which gives so much power in this struggle.

THE FIRE OF THE HOLY GHOST MAKES CLEAR THE HEART OF THE MAN WHO RECEIVES IT. Fire is a great purging medium. Those to whom the Saviour spoke know well the effects in separating the impurities and the dross from the precious metal; they purified their gold and their silver in the fire, and the promise of the Saviour to them of the Holy Ghost, they knew was neither more nor less than the promise of a living flame that should take out of their hearts all that which was dross, and tin, and impurity, and selfishness in the eye of the Holy Ghost.

The Baptism of the Holy Ghost Means Purity.

THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST MEANS ENTHUSIASM. Fire is ever warm, burning, and kindling the body to a glow, nerve every muscle and faculty for the utmost exertion; so the fire of the Holy Ghost creates earnestness, spiritual heat, makes hot souls.

The baptism of the Holy Ghost means enthusiasm, the right kind of enthusiasm, the enthusiasm of angels, the enthusiasm of Jesus Christ Himself. Enthusiasm that suffers, works, sacrifices, that no opposition can daunt and no enemies destroy.

THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST MEANS POWER.

Fire is a Great Motive Power.

This is but dimly understood by the ancients. Its discovery is an accomplishment of modern science; but the Master saw it, and the mighty force which whirled this whirling world along makes a fire a tenfold more expressive illustration of the meaning and the value of the baptism of fire. Without fire and water we should suddenly come to a standstill, but with these forces we move on faster and faster—express-train speed—Parliamentary train speed—Express train speed—Electricity speed, and I know not what other speed. Just so, in the spiritual world, the Holy Ghost was to be not only a purifying and sea, but the actual propelling force which was to carry with ever-increasing velocity the people of God forward in conquest and victory, until the whole world was subdued to God. We want, in mightier measure than ever this morning this baptism. We want a people cleansed as with FIRE.

Alas! what a mixed state of feeling, and experience, and realization do we find in professors of religion. Christ in one eye and the world in the other.

No wonder there should be such a mixture in what comes out of them, and what is done by them, a mixture that puzzles both men and angels to discern whether it flows from the manufactory of Heaven, or Hell.

With us, my comrades, let there be no mixture; no more linen and woolen. Let web and wool be alike, the same, all the same, through, and through, and through.

Saints, or Devils!

I want OUT-AND-OUT SAINTS. We shall all have to come to this to get into Heaven, and the sooner we come to it the better for the Salvation Army, and the better for this poor perishing world of ours. Let us come to a full faith, a full service, and a full reliance upon Jehovah.

Before we go to our knees to receive the Baptism of Fire, let me beg of you to see to it that your souls are in harmony with the will and purpose of the Holy Spirit Whom you seek. See to it that the channel of communication by which the baptism must be received is open.

I heard of some people the other day who could not get any water. They turned the tap repeatedly, but no water came. They sent to the office of the company, who sent a man to examine the connections and fittings, but all was right; plenty of water in the reservoir; pipes, taps, connections all right, but no water. At last they pulled up the pipe, and found a mouse in it.

It is no use turning the tap, praying, singing, or even believing, if there is something you are holding back, refusing to do—some idol, something about which you feel endued, but which you refuse to give up, something in the pipe. Perhaps some trumpery, contemptible thing. Out with it!

Give it no Rest; Draw it!

Give it up. Destroy your idols and hindrances and stoppage with an everlasting destruction. Let there be free communication between your soul and God. Let all go, and you shall be flooded before you rise from your knees; the world shall feel the power of it, and God shall have all the glory.

THE ROWE MEMORIAL TEMPLE,
Troy, N.Y.

(Special.)

One of the most unique gifts lately donated to the Army in the United States is the new Citadel at Troy, N. Y. The temple is built and bestowed by Mr. Wm. H. Rowe, a millionaire of that city, in memory of his son and daughter-in-law. He gives it to the Army to perpetuate the memory of his loved ones by the salvation of souls. The Commander and Consul celebrated the opening. Col. Wm. H. Rowe, in handing over the keys to the Commander for his father-made a masterly touching speech. We commend this great but singularly suitable memorial of departed saints to all who wish to memorialize their loved ones now counted amongst death's sleeping.

The building includes besides a spacious auditorium, quarters for the local officers and a suite of rooms to be used as District Headquarters, at present occupied by Major Glen.

HIGH TIMES AT HOULTON, MAINE.

(Special.)

Glory hallelujah! Sunday's meetings a grand success. Holiness meeting six seekers for the blessing of a clean heart. Afternoon meeting, "Man—his creation, fall and restoration." Illustrated by chemicals by Ensign Pugh. At night what a time! Ensign Pugh clothed in sackcloth delivered an address on "The sins of Houlton," in the course of which some startling disclosures were made. The congregations of the Methodist and Baptist churches, almost in a body, headed by their respective pastors attended this service. The ministers delivered eulogistic, short addresses on the Army in Houlton. Rev. Mr. Nason, fishing in the prayer meeting, landed one soul at the Mercy Seat—a drunkard. Closed at 11:30 p.m., with five in the Fountain, making eleven for the day. In men's meeting at 4:30 p.m., twenty-five young men of the town raised their hands signifying thereby that God had converted them of their sin, and admitted they had desires for better things. The night's work was the largest ever seen in the Army hall here, according to the F. O. Peeling towards the Army entirely changed round.—Lieut. B. Sparks.

NEW YEAR'S DAY AT THE CORNER GROCERY.

Dad and Mother Florence Mix up Snacks with Salvation and a Cask of Love.

WED a conversion in the house here on New Year's Day. The speaker leaned her elbows on the counter of the grocery store, and her broad, smiling face just beamed at the good news.

"Is that so, mother? Why, who was it?" I asked. "Well, it's Mr. He comes from— it's about ten years ago. Dad was Captain there, and Mr. — was the husband of the only soldier of the corps. Dad had been out Cry selling one day. He had walked thirteen miles and sold thirteen Cry's a mile. And then the speaker gave a loud 'Ha! Ha! Ha!' Continuing she said: 'Dad went into his only soldier's house that day to sell a Cry. The woman and her husband were both at home, and the husband asked Dad to take a cup of tea. No, thanks, I don't think I'll take anything,' Dad said.

"Yes, do," said the woman in an undertone. "Well, Dad said, 'If you'll be any better for it, I will, and set down to the table where the soldier had spread the cloth.' Dad had only nicely got set down, when the woman's husband began to call down the Army. He called Commissioners Coombs and Colony Bailey and the General. He said the Army was made up of nuthin' but suckers and bums.

"Buckers and bums, are they?" Dad said. "Then I'm a sucker and a bum!" I'd heve you to know that I'm no sucker and no bum neither!" "Dad had got one mouthful of bread when his throat was so stopped short then with the next piece half way between the table and his mouth, and looking at Mr. — he said in his snappy way, 'Are you going to shut up?' "Then he drops on his knees and says, 'Oh, Lord, forgive me for the bit of bread I've eaten. I believe this man bargued me. I'm afraid if I eat any more I'll choke me, and, oh Lord, save this man if you can, and if you can't, do as you like with him.'

"Then Dad got up, shook hands with Mr. — and said to him in his out-spoken way, 'Look you here, the next time you see my lovely face at your table, you can nod at it, and then Dad left.' "Well, I never come across Mr. — from that time till now. Mr. —'s wife found out our address, and came to see us, and I told her I'd like to see her husband.

"She says, 'Would you really like to see him?' kinder surprised.

"I see, 'Yes, I would. Is he as big a crank as ever?' of course he had and had a laugh at the remembrance of Dad's prayer, and Mr. — told Dad more than once that that prayer of his did her husband more good than all the preaching he ever heard.

"So New Year's Day, about half past two in the afternoon, Mr. — came. "Dad said to me, 'Here's Mr. — from come.

"Here he is, 'Yes, I would. Is he as big a crank as ever?' of course he had and had a laugh at the remembrance of Dad's prayer, and Mr. — told Dad more than once that that prayer of his did her husband more good than all the preaching he ever heard.

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"Do you mean to say all these years have gone by, and you haven't thought of giving your heart to God?" "Ah, it's a long time I've thought about it many a time.

"Well, but what about doing it, I asked.

"He shook his head. "Well, we'll pray before we do, and then I dropped on my knees, and he of his right hand, and my milk came in my left, and started up singing—

"He tells you when and where and how, just as his forehead as you know, 'The Blood of Jesus cleanses now— This moment you believe.

"Do you believe that?" "Yes, he says, 'I believe that.' "Well, will you let him save you?" "Another shake of the head.

"Then I prayed to God to save him. "Then the tears began to flow, and his heart began to melt.

"Then I sang again. "If I felt he was conquered by the fear of man, for the people around his neighborhood knew him, and would be sure to make game of his religion, so I said, 'I sing your experience? and if it is your experience, will you sing it too?' Then I started up—(Here for a moment memory failed her, but she immediately said, as if she were talking to someone in the store, 'Good Jesus, tell me that chorus; the prayer was hardy, out of her lips before she said, 'Ah, that's it!')

"From Thee I would not hide My sin because of fear."

"He could not sing it, but he followed with the words.

"From Thee I would not hide My sin, because of fear. What men may think, I hate my pride. And as I am appear Just as I am, oh Lord. Not what I'm thought to be. Just as I am, a struggling soul For light, and liberty."

"I prayed—and sung—and I was exhausted, but by that time Dad had got through serving somebody in the shop, so he came in—it was in the middle room there between the shop and the kitchen—and Dad got down on his knees and started to pray while I got my breath.

"Then Mr. — began to pray. "The tears were streaming down his cheeks, and he cried, 'Lord, save me—forgive me.'

"I said, 'Does He save you?' "He says, 'Yes.'

"Then he promised the Lord he would do right from that time.

"I said to him, 'This is a blessed New Year's Day for you, and he says, 'It is, and got on laughing.

"I never did see a greater change. I've seen a man get up from the penitential form and cry, but he got up and laughed. Oh, such a hard case he had before: I don't believe that hard face had been brightened with a smile for years, but he was full when he got up, and it was a real hearty laugh.

"I see, 'You've got more than you bargained for.'

"He says, 'I have.'

"Then he went away, and all that time the Lord didn't let a soul in or out to interrupt me off my knees, and oh, I did praise God I didn't let that opportunity slip."

J. C.

NOT THE WAY THE ARMY DOES IT.

Hungry Party: "Say, boss, I haven't eaten anything in three days. What would you give a poor fellow?"

The Doctor: "Too bad, poor fellow, too bad. Now here is a prescription

you can have put up at the nearest drugget, one spoonful three times a day, and you will find your appetite restored in forty-eight hours."

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U. S. M. Provincial Agents' Appointment.

ENGLISH PERRY—Frederickton, Jan. 27, 28; Woodstock, Jan. 29, 30; Houlton, Jan. 31; St. Stephen, Feb. 1; Galle, Feb. 2; St. John, Feb. 3; North Head, Feb. 4, 5, 6; St. John, Feb. 7; Carleton, Feb. 8; St. John, Feb. 9; St. John, Feb. 10; St. John, Feb. 11; Fairville, Feb. 12, 13.

CAPT. CUMMINS—Huntville, Jan. 27, 28; Danchurch, Jan. 29; Abbie Harbor, Jan. 30, 31; Abbie Falls, Feb. 1; Burks Falls, Feb. 2; North Bay, Feb. 3; Sidsbury, Feb. 4, 5; Manitoulin Island, Feb. 6, 7; Sudbury, Feb. 8; North Bay, Feb. 9; Huntville, Feb. 10, 11; Bracebridge, Feb. 12.

ENGLISH MCKENZIE—Port William, Jan. 28; Port George, Jan. 29; Keewatin, Jan. 30; Port George, Jan. 31; Winnipeg, Jan. 31, Feb. 1.

ADJUT. HAY—Neelson, Feb. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7; Kelso, Feb. 8, 9; Rossland, Feb. 10, 11.

CAPT. COLLIER—Barns, Jan. 28, 29; Forest, Jan. 30; Theford, Feb. 1; Wyoming, Feb. 2; Petrolia, Feb. 3; Glen Ray, Feb. 4; Watford, Feb. 5; Warwick, Feb. 6; Stratford, Feb. 7; London, Feb. 8; Stratford, Feb. 9; Mitchell, Feb. 10; Seaford, Feb. 11; Bayfield, Feb. 12; Goderich, Feb. 13; Clinton, Feb. 14; Wingham, Feb. 15; Tecumseh, Feb. 16; Brantford, Feb. 17; Wexford, Feb. 18; Brantford, Feb. 19; Chatham, Feb. 20; Hamilton, Feb. 21; Chatham, Feb. 22.

Notice to Field Officers.

Field Officers who have not sent in their Local Officers Commissions for the year 1897 to their Provincial Officer, are requested to do so at once.

Notice to War Cry Correspondents.

War Cry correspondents are particularly requested to forward the Editor of any newspapers containing notes on the Salvation Army.

WANTED.

An Officer—woman—who has retired from the front rank, or reliable soldier, for position with some responsibility and night duties. Good home for suitable person.

Write at once to: A. Br. Elder, Read, Salvation Temp. Toronto.

BILLETS.

All officers requiring billets in connection with the General's campaign in Toronto, will please send their application to Staff-Capt. Hargrave, 83 Toronto St., Toronto. Officers arranging to interrupt me off my knees, and oh, I did praise God I didn't let that opportunity slip."

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DOINGS OF THE D.O'S.

BRITISH COLUMBIA DISTRICT.

He followed for Turkey—Self-denial Fighting and Triumph—Warrior Felt in the Majesty.

MRS. ADJUT. PHILLIPS.

SELF-DENIAL has come and gone—B. C. again victorious.

With a pull altogether the Lord helped us to get just ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS for the District.

VANCOUVER was CHAMPION, doing splendidly. VICTORIA next. We might have done better, but for the fact that our Lieutenant was at New Westminster on account of Capt. May's illness. However, by the grace of God, and lots of pluck, push and hard work, we got what we started for.

"B. C. is alright," to me a Westerner. For instance, Capt. Brown, at Nanaimo, had a target of seventy-five dollars, and with the miles only just re-started, and money very hard to get, it was difficult to keep up his faith; however, Mrs. Brown worked hard and walked many weary miles and was quite sick afterwards, BUT THEY HIT THEIR TARGET, WHICH MADE UP FOR EVERYTHING.

"We spent a Sunday at Nanaimo lately and enjoyed it well. Those dear soldiers fought nobly amid many discouragements, but God will not forget it. The reward will come. Their Mother Cowie made us very comfortable. God bless her. But we were talking about S. P. Lewis. Positive and Elastic at New Westminster just hit their target.

Mount Vernon had a terrible anshout just at S. P. time. Houses were washed away and many people were almost ruined, so they really had very little to spare. However, they raised sixteen dollars. Praise God!

New Westminster, in spite of the Captain's illness, raised the grand sum of one hundred and twenty-two dollars. In fact everyone did nobly.

One Thousand Dollars Means Tired Feet.

aching heads and a great many other things that are not pleasant even in B.C., but God sees it all, comrades.

Changes are just on. Capt. May leaves for the States, so does Capt. Powers, and in their place we get Ensign Stevens for Victoria, and Capt. and Mrs. Lacey for Westminster. By the way, we have married folks in all the corps in the District but one, and not one of them has an assistant. Who said the married women do not help much?

Ensign and Mrs. Barr are now at New Whatcom, and will take that District at the new year. Of course they are very happy in their new command. Wouldn't they be happy anyway just at present?

Adjt. Ayre has not been very well, the rain is

Dad for His Asthma.

and Mrs. Ayre has sprained her foot lately, still they are bound to win. Victoria Shelter is marching along. The week before Christmas the cook did some very hard believing for turkey, etc., but Christmas Eve came and some had arrived, and the cook was left alone with his faith; however, quite late in the evening he was rejoicing over four fine ones. "I knew they'd come," said he. "I even"

Cooked the Cranberry Sauce ready." That's the kind of faith that wins. Everyone got a good dinner of turkey, oyster soup, plum pudding. The cook was up nearly all night setting it ready, but he did not mind a little bit. God bless Hildreth.

Then the Captain was busy too, almost everywhere at once.

DURING DECEMBER WE SUPPLIED NO LESS THAN THE MEATS 771 REPS. AND GAVE TEMPORARY EMPLOYMENT TO 171 MEN.

Vancouver Shelter had a great time at Christmas too. "We hear they gave a

Free Dinner to Forty Men.

Splendid, Ensign and Mrs. Patterson! That is the right way to have a happy Christmas. Make someone else happy.

We've done a little scouting lately up the coast, and had a very good time; four or some good friends, though the rain which scarcely ceased while we were away, was against us.

Last night Watch Night at Victoria. Capt. May with us, on her way through to Spokane. Every one got blessed and resolved to let this year be an improvement on the old one. May the Lord help us.

SONGS.

HE SOUL PRAYER.

Time—Oh, for a thousand tongues (B. J. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652,

ICES OF THE D.O'S
ISH COLUMBIA DISTRICT.

STATED FOR TURKEYS-Self-Denial
HISsing-Turkey-Self-Denial
Yolk in the Majesty.

MRS. ADJUT. PHILLIPS.

SELF-DENIAL has come and gone
- B. C. again victorious.
With a pull altogether the Lord
as to get just ONE THOUSAND
RS for the District.
OUVER was CHAMPION, doing
by VICTORIA next. We might
be better but for the fact that
the ant of Capt. May's lines. How
the grace of God, and lots of
pun and hard work, we got
started out for.
In a straight line to use a Western
ance, Capt. Brown, at Nanaimo
treat of seventy-five dollars, and
mines only just re-started, and
ery hard to get. It was difficult to
his faith; however, Mrs. Brown
hard and walked many weary
id was quite sick afterwards.
HEY HIT THEIR TARGET,
MADE UP FOR EVERY.

nt a Sunday at Nanaimo let's
ed it well. Those dear soldiers
obly amid many discouragements
ut God will not forget it. The
ill comb. Dear Mother Cowie
very comfortable. God bless
we were talking about S.D.
Frenchie and Ziazi of New-
just hit their target.
Vernon had a terrible washout
- D. time. Houses were washed
d many people were almost
they really had very little to
wever, they raised sixteen on
s God.
surrendered in spite of the Cap-
es, raised the grand sum of
and twenty-two dollars. In
one did nobly.

mead Dollars Means Tired
Feet.

uds and a great many other
are not pleasant even in B.C.,
ces it all, comrades.
are just on. Capt. May leaves
ates, so does Capt. Bowers,
he pace we get Ensign Stev-
ictoria, and Capt. and Mrs.
Westminster. By the way,
married folks in all the com-
tribut but one, and not one of
an assistant. Who said the
men did not help much?
nd Mrs. Barr are now at New
and will take that District
year. Of course they are
to their new command.
they be happy anyway just
o has not been very well, the

ad for His Aethens.
Ayre has surprised her foot
they are bound to win.
better is marching along. The
Christmas the cook did
hard believing for turkey,
Christmas Eve came and none
and the cook was left alone
th; however, quite late in
he was rejoicing over four
I knew they'd come," said

d the Cranberry Sauce
at's the kind of faith that
yone got a good dinner of
or soup, plum pudding,
s up nearly all night getting
he did not mind a little bit
lidity.
captain was busy too, almost
at once.
DECEMBER WE SUPPLIED
AN 210 MEALS, 71 BBS.
TEMPORARY EMPLOY-
71 MEN.

Shelter had a great time at
o. We hear they gave a
Dinner to Forty Men.

sign and Mrs. Patterson
right way to have a happy
date someone else happy.
a little scouting interview
id had a very good time;
good friends, though the
cearfully ceased while we
an against us.
Watch Night at Victoria.
th us, on her way through
Everyone got blessed and
t this year be an improve-
id one. May the Lord help

SONGS.

MY SOUL'S PRAYER.

Tune.-On the Cross.
(B. J. 102, 2); Covenant (B. J. 21,
Conference (B. J. 15, 3); Jesus
is passing by (B. J. 102, 21)
Give me a heart (B. J. 92, 7).
1 O Lord, oh my God, the promise seal,
Thou art my longed-for reveal,
The fullness of Thy love.

Chorus.

Give me a heart like Thine,
By Thy wonderful power;
By Thy grace every hour,
Give me a heart like Thine.

I want Thy love, Thy purity,
Thy righteousness brought in;
Thy desire and truth in Thee,
Thou art redeemed from sin.
Ager and sloth, desire and pride,
This moment be subdued;
Be cast into the crimson tide,
Of my Redeemer's blood.

o

BEARS AND EASY SOLD.

Tune.-Calvary's stream is flowing.

2 There flows from Calvary's moun-
tain
A stream so rich and free,
To call the Cleansing Fountain,
It washes over me.
Thou opened there by Jesus,
Thou every sin-sick soul
Thou weary, tired, of wandering
Wilt come and be made whole, oh.

Chorus.

Jesus waits to pardon,
Jesus waits to pardon,
Come at His call, surrender your all,
While Jesus waits to pardon.

His voice has long been speaking
To you from Calvary's tree;
Will you accept the pardon
So freely offered thee?
Oh, spare His voice no longer,
But seek His face to-day,
And prove the blood of Jesus
Can wash your sins away, oh.
Kate Allen, Amprior, Ont.

o

STAND FAST.

Tune.-Hold the fort.

3 See the hosts of God advancing,
In their king's great might;
Soon shall our victorious soldiers
Put the foe to flight.

Chorus.

Roll on high salvation banners
Forward to the fray;
Truth has ever vanquished error,
We shall win the day.

Many fortresses have fallen,
Battles fierce and long
Have in glorious victory ended,
And triumphant song.

Hosts are in the field opposing,
Satan leading on;
Courage, soldiers, be but valiant
And the day is won.
Cand. Elms, Triton, Nfld.

o

LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS.

Tune.-Saints of God (B. B. 49, B. J.
27, B. M. 1, 100).

4 Saints of God, lift up your voices,
Praise ye the Lord!
While the host of Heaven rejoices,
Praise ye the Lord!
Praise Him as ye onward go
To the realms of endless glory,
Let His praise each heart overflow,
Praise ye the Lord!

For the work of our redemption,
Praise ye the Lord!
He has brought for us salvation,
Praise ye the Lord!
Jesus died for you and me
Paid our debt on Calvary's mountain;
Every sinner may go free,
Praise ye the Lord!

Thousands have in Christ believed,
Praise ye the Lord!
And His pardoning love received,
Praise ye the Lord!
We have joined the happy throng,
God is with us, we're His people,
Jesus shall be all our song,
Praise ye the Lord!

Sinners, you may all go with us,
Praise ye the Lord!
Turn from sin, believe on Jesus,
Praise ye the Lord!
Jesus died for you and me
Paid our debt on Calvary's mountain,
Every sinner may go free,
Praise ye the Lord!

Hallelujah! we are rising,
Praise ye the Lord!
And the work of God is rising,
Praise ye the Lord!
See our numbers how they swell:
Onward, the Salvation Army
Triumphs o'er the powers of hell,
Praise ye the Lord!

o

LOOK AND LIVE.

Tune.-Will you go? (B. B. 13, S. M.
1, 380).

5 Behold, behold the Lamb of God,
On the Cross:
For us He shed His precious
blood,
On the Cross.
Oh, you who still His love defy,
And all His grace and power deny,
Draw near and see your Saviour die
On the Cross.

Come, sinners, see Him lifted up
On the Cross,
He drinks for you the bitter cup,
On the Cross.

The rocks do rend, the mountains
quake,
While Jesus does atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for our sake,
On the Cross.

And now the mighty deed is done,
On the Cross,
The battle's fought, the victory's won,
On the Cross:
To Heaven He turns His languid eyes-
"The finished!" now the Conqueror
cries,
Then bows His sacred head and dies,
On the Cross.

o

FOR JOYFUL WARRIORS.

Tune.-Happy song (B. J. 66).

6 We are marching on with shield
and banner bright,
We will fight for God and battle
for the right.
We will praise His name, rejoicing in
His might,
And we'll fight till Jesus comes,

Chorus.

Then awake, then awake!
Happy song, happy song!
Shout for joy, shout for joy!
As we gladly march along!

We are marching onward singing as
we go
To the Promised Land, where the liv-
ing waters flow,
Come and join our ranks as soldiers
here below,
Come and work till Jesus comes.

In the open-air our Army we prepare,
As we rally round our blessed stand-
ard there,
And the Saviour's cross we gladly learn
to bear;
While we work till Jesus comes.

We are marching on; our Captain
ever near,
Will protect us still, His guiding voice
we hear;
Let the foe advance-we'll never
fear,
For we'll work till Jesus comes.

Are you carried away with ambition,
the admiration of your fellows? Go
in for the admiration of yourself. Face
and force a career that will win for
you your own everlasting respect,
and if that is not enough, aim at hav-
ing said of you what was said of John,
"He was great in the sight of the
Lord."

Be sure in all your teaching to show
what true religion is. Teach your
people what constitutes the very ele-
ments of Christianity. Show them that
the very essence of religion is love:
"the love that shows itself in benevolent
effort for the salvation of others." I
was talking one day to one of the part-
ners in a leading firm in this city,
and I said to him, "I understand re-
ligion to mean this, that if you have
reason to think you can convert more
souls in Australia than by stopping
at home, and you refuse to go, you are
a hypocrite;" and he replied, "That is
true."

UNIFORM DEPARTMENT.

WE are in position to give entire satisfaction. The following testimony is only ONE OUT OF MANY that reach us right along:-

DEAR STAFF-CAPTAIN

I received the Tunic this morning. Thanks for promptness. It is a perfect fit. Am delighted with it.

W. KING.

We can supply Suits of the best English
Serges, indigo dye, from - - - \$16.00 UP
Men's Winter Overcoats, from - - - \$13.00 UP
Ladies' Winter Ulsters, with Long
Cape, from - - - \$14.00 UP

Samples of Goods and Measurement Forms sent free on application. It will do to fill out the forms given below. If you are in urgent need and cannot wait until samples are sent you we will always send you the best goods we can for your money. Terms-NET CASH.

SELF-MEASUREMENT FORMS.

DATE.....189

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Height.....feet.....inches. Weight.....lbs

Coat Measure.

- Collar Seam to Waist B
- Waist B to length desired C
- Middle of Back to Elbow F
- On to G for full length of sleeve

Chest not expanded as much as possible while the measure is being taken, but as if the act of conversation, which gives the natural proper size.
Take Breast and Waist measures under Coat and over Gueracy.
Around Breast at II

Waist at I

Size around Neck

For Overcoat.

Take Breast and Waist measures over the under coat.

Breast..... Waist.....

Pants Measure.

Pants should be well drawn up in crotch and legs kept perfectly straight while measuring.

Outside seam, from top of Waistband to heel of shoe

Inside seam, from crotch N to heel seam of shoe

Around the Waist, under Vest

Around the Seat P (the largest part)

Around the Knee, for width desired

Around the Foot M, for width desired

Pockets wanted

REMARKS-State any particulars that will assist in giving a definite idea of shape

FOR WOMEN.

Ulster Measurement.

Top of Back to 7, and on to full length at 10

3 to 4, and on to full length of sleeve at 5, arm in position as shown

Bust, close up under arms as at 6, and over most prominent part in front

Waist as at 6

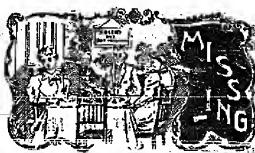
Hips as at 9

Size of Neck at 1

SHORT JACKETS MADE-THE VERY BEST FIT.

Beautiful Silk Handkerchiefs, White, 20x20, with General's Photograph.
If you want a bargain this is a snap. Only a small number left.
Beautiful Escala with separate Photographs of the Commissioner, General Booth and the Late Mrs. Booth, at 10 cents each. They are real beauties.

JNO. M. C. HORN,
Trade Secretary.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe; befriend, or assist, if possible, wronged girls, women, or children, or any person in difficulty. Address, COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH, 18 Albert Street, Toronto, Canada, and mark "Inquiry," on the envelope.

If possible, send fifty cents to defray a part of the expenses. We will be glad if our Officers, Soldiers and friends will look through the Missing Column regularly, and if they see any cases which they could help us with, we would be pleased if they would do so.

Second Insertion.

202. JOHN HENRY DAVID. Last heard of at Wilson House, 115 York St., Toronto, Canada. His father died about five months ago and his sister is very anxious to hear from him. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

203. WILLIAM and ROSE SHUFFILL. William age 34, Rose age 32. In 1890 they left Camberwell Workhouse for Canada to work on a farm. Last heard from was in 1895. Cousin John enquires. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

204. DANIEL RAWCLIFFE. Age 45. Left Halifax for Canada 30 years ago. Was last heard from in Toronto 18 years ago. His occupation was that of a farm laborer. Sister Martha enquires. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

205. HENRY HANWELL ACOMB. 5 ft. 9 in. high, fair complexion. Left home five years ago for Buffalo. Wife enquires. Address, Inquiry, Salvation Headquarters, Toronto.

206. MISS ANGELINE CLEAVER. Granddaughter of John Cleaver, born 1856, in Northumberland, Pennsylvania. Enquires for relatives. Address care of S. A. Temple, Toronto.

207. MRS. MARTIN DAILY, nee FLORENCE WEAVER. Has been missing about seven years, and when last heard from she was residing in either Montreal or Quebec. Her husband, Martin Daily, when last heard from was working for his brother, Joseph Daily, a stevedore, in Quebec. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

208. WILLIAM LAKE. Height 5 ft., dark complexion. Age about 50 years. Son of Mr. Samuel Lake, Langmore, near Scile, Norfolk, England. Last heard from Christmas, '81. Was then in Livingston, Kentucky. Sister Harriet, 52 Dauchess St., Toronto, enquires. You will hear of something to your advantage. American Cry please copy.

209. LAURIE JOYCE. Went from Bristol about 17 years ago to the Canada Lunatic. Since married a man named Herbert. Address, Inquiry, anyone knowing her whereabouts.

210. JAMES D. RAMSEY. Aged 42, height 5 ft. 10 in., stout, lost one eye, disfigured nose. Last known address, Colchester Hotel, Victoria, B.C. Address, Inquiry, anyone knowing his whereabouts.

211. MRS. MARGARIT McMITLAN. Lived twelve years ago in Godwin. Would be over 30 years old. Her grandson, James Earl, wishes to know if she is dead or alive. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

212. EVA CLAMENT. Age about 27 years. Last heard of five years ago in Toronto. Her Aunt Mary is anxious to know her present whereabouts. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

213. ANDREW STERGEON. Last known address Etobicoke, near Thistle-down, Toronto. Brother Robert, farmer, lives near this place. His nephew anxious to hear from him. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

214. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. Last heard of in June last, address was then 85 St. Urban St. Montreal, it is also said that he has been at a Mr. Ganep's, 681 to 685 Dorchester St., corner of St. Charles Borromeo St., Montreal. Age 42, light complexion. Said to have had an accident last Xmas when he lost his arm, broke his elbow, and injured his spine. Address, Inquiry, anyone knowing his whereabouts.

215. DICK TODD. Age 39, height 5 ft. 5 in., light complexion, sandy mous-



The General's Campaigns

EASTERN CAMPAIGN.

KINGSTON, Ont.

Saturday, January 29th.

Meeting for Soldiers only.

Sunday, January 30th.

Day of Salvation. Afternoon at 3 Rev. Mr. Starr will preside.

HAMILTON.

Monday, January 31st.

Mass Meeting in the Centenary Methodist Church at 7.45.

LONDON.

Wednesday, February 2nd.

Mass Meeting in Queen's Avenue Methodist Church, at 7.45.

TORONTO.

Thursday, February 3rd.

Massey Hall, Reception Reception Meeting at 7.45

Saturday, February 5th.

Salvation Temple, Soldiers' Council.

Sunday, February 6th.

Massey Hall, Day of Salvation, Meetings at 10.45, 3 and 7.

Monday, February 7th.

Massey Hall, Great Social Meeting at 7.45.

Officers' Councils all day Friday, February 4th.

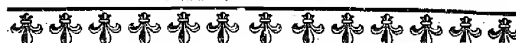
Also on Monday, 7th, and Tuesday, 8th.

WESTERN CAMPAIGN.

Victoria, B.C., Vancouver, B.C., Spokane, Wash., and Winnipeg.

Fuller particulars later.

YOUNG CHILDREN AND INFANTS IN ARMS CANNOT BE ADMITTED.



tache, lost his right finger on left hand, was a butcher. Left his country 14 years ago. Last heard of 10 years ago. Was then at Mr. Dobson in the telegraphic section of the C. P. R. Address, Inquiry, anyone knowing his whereabouts.

2030. WRESHALL FAMILY. Benjamin, William, John, Fanny, and James. All left England 40 years ago with their father and mother. Father and Fanny are dead. June married a Mr. Wm. Jarvis, who when last heard from, 30 years ago, was living at 121 Rebecca St., Hamilton, Ont. John Rushton enquires. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

2031. ALICE HILLS. Age 20, tall, fair complexion, dark hair. This girl was sent out to Canada by Dr. Barnardo. Last heard from was in July, 1885. Was then living at Niagara Falls, Ont. Father enquires. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

2032. CHARLES GRAHAM. Age 30, medium height and fair complexion, brown curly hair, grey eyes, moustache, lame in right leg, scar under right eye. Last heard from March 1st, 1882. Occupation, shoemaker. May be in Canada. Was married at Winnipeg, man. Wife enquires. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

2033. JOSEPH HAGUE. Age about 45, height 5 ft. 3 in., stout, blind in one eye. Occupation, miller. Left England in 1846. Heard in July, 1897, he was then in Montreal, Canada. Brother Thomas enquires. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

First Insertion.

2047. GEORGE HALL LIDDELL. Age 33. Cabinetmaker by trade. Last heard from Port Hope in 1889, stating he was making his way to Toronto. Mother enquires. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

2048. SAMUEL SINGLAIR. Son of Samuel and Isabelle Singlair of Lindsay, Ont., who was then living in the Township of Verulam, near Burys Green P. O. Height about 5 feet 2 inches, weight about 25 pounds, dark hair, dark eyes, dark beard (sometimes shaved off), sometimes worn a moustache. Last heard from in Jamestown, Dakota. His people are very anxious to know his whereabouts. Address, Mr. S. Singlair, Burys Green P. O., or Inquiry, Toronto.

2049. ELIZA DRUMMOND. Supposed to be living in Toronto. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

2050. ALEX. MCRAE, of Cumberland, last heard of him he left Bearmouth, Mont., for Butte to work in a mine. His father is anxious to hear of his whereabouts. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

2051. ALEXANDER LINTON. Fair hair, age 39, scar on middle of forehead, height 6 ft., no toes on left foot. Last heard of released from Fergus Insane Asylum, four years ago, Minnesota. Any information will be thankfully received. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

2052. PATRICK LAMBERT. Age 44, stout, blue eyes. Eldest of five children to return to London, Ont. He left his home in 1890. Last heard of in Chicago.

2053. THOMAS WILLIAM GATEFIELD. Last heard of 8 years ago. Was in New Mexico. Age 30, dark eyes, dark hair, height about 5 feet. Always worked on railroads. Anyone knowing his whereabouts please address Mrs. Miles Gatefield, 75 Church Road, Maidstone, Newport, Monmouthshire, Eng., or Inquiry, Toronto.

2054. JANE NICOLSON. Left Galeshield, Scotland, five years ago for Brandon, Manitoba. Last heard of in Winnipeg, four years ago. Anyone knowing her whereabouts please address Inquiry, Toronto.

2055. CHARLES ERNEST WOOD. Left Birmingham, England, in 1880 with his brother William. Landed in Quebec and went straight to the Guthrie Home, in London. Age 31. His brother William is anxious to know his whereabouts. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

THERE IS ALWAYS ALLEVIATION FOR OUR TROUBLES IN MINISTRY TO OTHERS.

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